

THE SUMMER GIRL RETURNS FROM THE FRAY.



THE BRIDE'S TASK.



Mr. Justwed: "Now that we're married, dear, you have a serious task before you."
Mrs. Justwed: "What's that, George?"
Mr. Justwed: "You must prove to my sisters that you are worthy of me."

NICE FOR THE PROPRIETOR.



"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor."
"That will be all right, but just put my valuables in the safe."

DAKING BURGLARIES

INGENIOUS DEVICES RESORTED TO BY BANK THIEVES.

The Nerve, Skill and Patience Displayed in the Robbery of Hongkong Bank Vaults—Extensive and Successful Tunneling Operations.

In the whole catalogue of daking bank robberies there is no story more amazing than that of the robbery at the Hongkong branch of the Bank of Western India, for not only did the case display the most astonishing daring, skill and patience on the part of the robbers, but their success has never been equaled by other bank breakers.

It was generally understood that the safes and vaults of the Western bank were about the strongest ever built, and the robbers of course, knowing this, decided to attack the bank in a way they believed the builders had never anticipated, and therefore not provided for. They rented a house on the opposite side of the street and settled down to live like simple minded gentlemen.

Some three months later the manager of the bank had occasion to visit the vaults, and, to his utter amazement and consternation, he discovered that the principal safe, which a day or two before had contained upward of £50,000 in bullion and other valuables, had been emptied of everything. It did not take long to throw the responsibility for this astonishing change on the simple minded gentlemen over the way, but when a visit was paid to their abode it was found that they, too, had disappeared.

While living quietly and respectably, evincing no inclination to hide themselves, but showing their faces frequently at the windows and walking in the streets like the most honest folk, the robbers constructed a tunnel connecting the basement of their domicile with the vaults of the bank. To accomplish this they dug a shaft down to a sufficient depth to enable them to tunnel under the road without being heard by passengers or risking a collapse of the earth, and they cut an upward shaft, giving them access to the vaults, where, one day when the bank was closed and they knew the safes were loaded with valuables, they quietly broke in and cleared away everything worth taking.

One can easily appreciate the courage and patience of these men. They had to cut a tunnel between eighty and ninety feet long, sufficiently high and wide to allow the passage of two men carrying a heavy chest; they had to dispose of the immense amount of earth displaced in cutting the tunnel without any one knowing, and after twelve weeks' incessant labor in cutting the tunnel they had yet to make a way through the concrete floor of the bank and break into a safe of exceptional strength. The cutting of the upward shaft under the bank particularly must have been an anxious task for the robbers, since at any moment they might have betrayed themselves to some one above, and it speaks volumes for the care with which they labored that no one suspected them or what was happening until they had made their escape with £50,000 worth of valuables, the carrying away of which, apart from anything else, must have been far from a simple matter.

An equally surprising feat was performed by the thieves who stole £40,000 worth of diamonds from a Kimberley bank some years ago. While the tunnel in this case was only about twenty feet long, owing to the fact that the thieves were able to avail themselves of a big main drain to approach the bank secretly, other difficulties that had to be overcome were much more formidable than in the Hongkong case.

The safe in which the diamonds were deposited was of such remarkable strength that before entering on their enterprise the thieves evidently decided it would be hopeless to attempt to break into it at the sides or door, as the work might occupy too much time, and that it would be necessary for them to attack it at the back, which, being built into a wall, they could work upon after bank hours, perhaps for days together if necessary. And this decision was arrived at despite their knowledge that the wall into which the safe was built was three feet thick and built of solid granite.

They started operations from the drain running down below the street on which the bank fronted by digging a tunnel twenty feet long on a level with the bank's vaults. This tunnel, cut through exceedingly difficult ground, opened on the foundations of the building, which were, on the one hand, too deep to be passed under, and, on the other hand, so thick and solid—four feet of the strongest masonry—that ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have abandoned the enterprise if only because of the risk of cutting a passage through such a wall beneath the feet of an office full of clerks and ever passing pedestrians in the street. But the thieves had a fortune in diamonds in view and were men not easily frightened or disheartened, and they not only cut a way through the foundations, but through two other walls little less formidable, before they came upon the final wall into which the safe was built, and they made a way through this latter and the massive steel back of the safe in such a quiet, workmanlike style that not a soul suspected anything was amiss until one of the bank officials went to the safe and found it cleared of £40,000 worth of exquisite diamonds.

Against these two astonishingly successful enterprises stands the attempt on the Mexican branch of the National Bank of America, when failure attend-

ed the thieves not because they were any less daring or workmanlike, but owing to the sheerest bad luck. They constructed a tunnel from a house they rented to the vaults of the bank, but failed by a few hours to reach the valuables, worth an enormous sum of money, owing to an accident.

It chanced that when these men had tunneled a distance of some thirty yards and arrived just within the vault where the safe was some of the beams they had used to shore up the tunnel collapsed, causing a slight subsidence of the bank's foundations. At the same time the manager happened, quite contrary to his custom, to go to his office, and he was surprised to find a difficulty in opening the door of the room. A cursory examination was enough to show him that since closing time the wall of his room had sunk slightly, causing the door to press on the floor.

Probably this circumstance alone would not have shattered the thieves' scheme, since the manager would have waited till the morning to call a builder in, by which time the safe would have been emptied, but while he was considering the matter the thieves in the vault below were making frantic efforts to repair the damage to the tunnel sufficiently to enable them to complete their task before daybreak, and the manager heard them working beneath his feet. The consequence was he immediately took a light and a revolver and descended to the vault. Two men suddenly appeared before him. He shot one dead, but the other disappeared in a manner which utterly baffled his comprehension till he searched the vault and came on the mouth of the tunnel, which, of course, explained everything.—London Standard.

HALLE'S CAKE DANCE.

An Ancient Ceremony That Is Sacred to the Salt Workers.

Halle, the little German salt making city, whose inhabitants are supposed to be descended from an early race of different blood from the modern Germans, has a curious fete of its own, which has been celebrated annually for many centuries. On that day the masters and the salt makers, clad in red mantles, follow to church the cake of the feast, borne aloft by a youth, accompanied by his sweetheart. After the religious rites follow a banquet and a dance to the music of instruments specially devoted to the purpose.

The fete originated in an incident that took place so long ago that the very date has been lost. A mill belonging to the commune was burned, and the family of the miller was saved by the salt workers. When the mill was rebuilt the commune voted to the salt holders in perpetuity an annual cake of 100 pounds, to be blessed, carried in procession and then eaten solemnly to the music of drums and fifes.

The ceremony had been going on thus for generations when in 1376 there was a new fire in the city which destroyed the city hall, but spared the salt works and the dwellings. Then the pious commune adopted a resolution thanking God for what he had spared and declaring that thereafter the cake bearer and the salt makers and their men should make the procession clad not in black, as formerly, but in tunics of ardent red, with plumes of the same color in their caps. The date of the fete was also changed from St. Peter's and St. Paul's day to St. John's day, the longest day in the year. Since 1376 this order has been faithfully observed. The cut of the tunic has varied somewhat with the fashion prevailing, but the style of Louis XV. predominates. Thus appear the carrier of the cake and his sweetheart, and thus is clad the halberdier. After the banquet the men and maidens of honor, being those who in years before have carried the cake, decorate with red poppies the crowd that presses in the public square. Then in the midst of a spot protected by barriers the men and maids of honor execute not a cake walk, but a cake dance, a grave function in which one must neither speak nor smile. The dance is not complicated, but the music is of a special character, and this gives the whole a peculiar distinction. In the evening there is a dance of a gayer character at an inn. The waltz here begins really at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and is continued until dawn. The red habits are put away at the end of the fete, not to be brought out again for a year. They descend from father to son and are preserved with the utmost care.

Ben Jonson Knew His Merits.

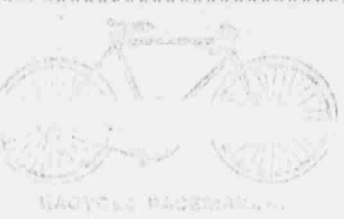
Among English writers Ben Jonson had as good a conceit of himself as most, and he was not afraid of uttering his conviction of his own superiority. His egotism was almost fierce in its intensity. For example, he left his " Cynthia's Revels " to the judgment of his audience with the assurance that the play was good and that they might like it if they pleased, and in the last line of the court epilogue to " Every Man Out of His Humor " he proclaims in Latin that he " hunts not for the suffrages of the windy multitude. " But in determining to maintain a high poetic standard Jonson overacted his part and laid himself open to the ridicule and sarcasm of lesser men.

As the late J. A. Symonds said, " He identified the sacred bard with his own person, posed before the world as Apollo's high priest and presumed upon his erudition to affect the lordly airs of an authentic Aristarchus. " And yet, when the victims of his satire dared to put in a good word for themselves and to accuse their tormentor of " self love, arrogance, impudence and railing, " Jonson blazed out in righteous indignation at their amazing conceit:

If they should confidently praise their works,
In them it would appear inflation,
Which in a full and well digested man
Cannot receive that foul, abusive name.

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